

and I made another inspection on the firing line of this system. We went through Poperinghe and took the Poperinghe-Reninghelat road. We had to take the long way through the town on account of the one way traffic regulation (not that there is now any traffic to amount to anything, but to prevent any chance of blocking a street and to insure that they will be open in case of need.) Soon after we left the city several shells fell within it. There was some doubt at first as to whether or not I had taken the party over the right road, as the road led direct to the front line trench and the German line and was subject to a good deal of shelling. I was anxious myself that we should be on the right road (and we were). As we passed the support line of the East Poperinghe system I asked the Colonel if he wished to stop, and he said no, go on to the firing line or to the outpost line of their system. We went on for another $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or more, when I knew we were beyond the line. I was watching the side of the road toward the Germans. The road had been screened to prevent the Germans from seeing what passed on it, and I was trying to look through this screen to see the trench, which as it turned out afterwards had not yet been built on that side of the road. We went as far as the cross road leading over to Buzzeboom. There was a railroad track crossing near by, and I knew we should not cross that. There was a British non. com. with some men working on some wiring to the right of the road. I asked him the map reference and he told me a reference that I knew was not right (which if it had been would have had us nearly a mile further toward the German line). He said we were at 28 N.W./G24c.5.5. while I made us at G21 a.6.3. I was right. We turned around and went back to G15 c.0.2, where the trench we wished to examine was located. We passed one shell hole in the road that had been made the night before. The German artillery have nearly all these roads "registered" and can put shells on or near them any time they wish. For this reason, when you are riding on these roads, you are apt to *think once in a while* that a shell may be on its way for the particular spot on the road that you are approaching. Then comes a comforting thought: "The shell and you must reach the *same spot* on the road at the *same time* or the shell cannot get you." Of course it does happen that shells and men meet each other on the road, but there are very many that miss each other. It